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NBC

ADVERTISER: SUSTAINING — WRITER: FARM AND HOME HOUR

PROGRAM TITLE: UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #468 — OK

CHICAGO OUTLET: WMAQ BLUE

(11:30 - 12:15 PM) TIME — (JANUARY 9, 1942) DATE — (~~WEDNESDAY~~ Friday) DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

C-PRO. 95

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers!

MUSIC: Theme

ANNOUNCER: In Madison, Wisconsin, stands the Forest Products Laboratory of the Forest Service, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Mendota. A fine modern building, it has been called Madison's "House of Magic." Here, in normal peace time, important research is carried on....research in the management of forests for bigger and better yields, research in the development of wood uses for the public good and toward a better national economy....Today, in war time, there is unusual frenzied activity within the Laboratory. Men are working away at wood here who are re-living the frantic days of the last war when the Laboratory ran all day and all night, meeting the Army and Navy requests for wood-utilization information which demanded answers at the earliest possible moment. It was in this Laboratory, during the First World War that, among other important accomplishments, a successful kiln-drying schedule was developed for spruce plank essential for our airplanes, allowing seasoning of the material in from 20 to 45 days instead of the one to two years required for less satisfactory air-seasoning. Here, once again, officials of our armed forces and men of science work to utilize wood to its fullest and in its best form as material for our modern war machine... Like hosts of other scientific establishments, the men and machinery of the Forest Products Laboratory today are doing their full share in the war effort.

Now for another visit to the Pine Cone National Forest. There's a real homey atmosphere in the living room of the Ranger Station this cold, January night. Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant Jerry Quick are taking it pleasant fire and Jim's wife, Bess, and Jerry's sweetheart, Mary Halloway, are busy knitting. Here they are -----

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BESS: My, but you're all quiet tonight. What are you thinking about, Jim?

JIM: The year ahead, Bess...and the years past.

MARY: What about them, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Well, frankly, I was thinking about what a happy life Bess and me have had together all these years, everything considered.

BESS: That's sweet, Jim.

JIM: Mebbe so, but it's true, Bess. All around us through the years there's been conflict and turmoil of one kind or another. We've never let it throw us off balance.

MARY: I think that's because you and Mrs. Robbins are pretty special people, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: No, I don't think so, Mary. There's millions of families like ours all over the country, doing their daily job and living happily and wanting nothing more than to be at peace within the family circle and with everybody outside.

BESS: I agree with you, Jim.

JIM: Seems to me if we could translate some of the sincerity and goodness that exists in the average American family into conduct between the Nations of this world we'd finally get that everlasting peace we've been praying for all these years and that we're fighting for today....I'm just hoping the coming year brings us closer to that kind of peace.

BESS: And I'll say Amen to that, Jim....

MARY: Yes, and I, too....How about you, Jerry?

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JERRY: Huh?.....What did you say, Mary?

MARY: (LAUGHING) Why, Jerry, haven't you been listening?

JERRY: (SHEEPISHLY) Well...uh... I guess I was just sitting here, mostly watching you knit, Mary, or rather watching your hands move as you knitted. Your hands seemed to kinda keep time with the dancing of the flames in the fire. It was a pretty picture... That's no reason for you to stop, Mary. Go on knitting.

MARY: I'm finished with the sweater, silly.

JIM: Here, let me see it, Mary....H-m-m. Good for you, girl.. This sweater'll keep some soldier lad good and warm all right.

MARY: Mrs. Robbins, do you have a small patch of white cloth I can use?

BESS: H-m-m, let's see. Yes, here's a little piece, Mary.

MARY: That's just right. Thank you.... Now, Jerry, let me borrow your pen, will you?

JERRY: Sure, here it is but...Hey! You'll ruin that pen writing on that cloth with it.

MARY: Just a couple more words, Jerry. There! Here's your pen back. Thank you!

BESS: Here are some small pins, Mary.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Gonna pin it on the neck of the sweater where he'll find it first thing, huh? It's too bad you can't attach your picture too.

JERRY: Hey, what's going on here? What did you write on that piece of cloth?

BESS: Mary always sends a little note with the sweaters she knits for the Red Cross, Jerry.

JERRY: Huh?.....What did you say, Mary?

MARY: (LAUGHING) Why, Jerry, haven't you been listening?

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BESS: Mary always sends a little note with the sweaters she knits for the Red Cross, Jerry.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Love and kisses from Mary Halloway.

MARY: Mr. Robbins!

JERRY: Let me see that note, Mary.

MARY: No. It's none of your business...Jerry, stop! You'll tear the sweater.

JERRY: Well, let go of it, then. I want to see what you wrote.

MARY: All right, smarty, take it. There!

JIM: The lad's a mite jealous, eh Bess?

JERRY: Writin' notes behind a feller's back. Fine business!

BESS: Well, read it, Jerry. Before you get any more excited.

JERRY: Wait'll I bring it closer to the light. There...H-m-m. Well, I'll be jiggered!

JIM: What did she write, Jerry? Love and kisses from Mary?

JERRY: I apologize, Mary. Humbly and gladly. Here's what that swell girl of mine wrote, Jim. Listen...(READING) To a brave soldier... Good luck and God bless you...M.H....(STRAIGHT) Gee, that's swell Mary.

JIM: Fine, Mary, mighty fine.

MARY: I...well, K just thought that maybe a little message like that would help whoever gets the sweater to know that the folks at home are really with him all the time.

JERRY: I was a chump to think you'd write anything else, Mary.

MARY: It's all right, Jerry.

BESS: Yes, Jerry, if Jim hadn't led you on....

JIM: (LAUGHS)

Yes, Jenny. If Jim hadn't leg on or...

It's all right, Jenny.

I see a chump to think you'd write anything else, Mary.

Jhone are heavily with him all the time.

[illegible] Jane and Grace from Mary Hollister.

[illegible]

Let me see that note, Mary.

So. It's some of your pretense...Jenny, stop! You'll tear it [illegible].

Well, let go of it, then. I want to see what you wrote.

All right, smart, take it. There!

Who had a mite jealous, eh Bess?

[illegible] notice Patrick O Fallon's beer. Flow Publishers!

Well, read it, Jerry. Before you get any more excited!

Didn't I bring it closer to the light. There...[illegible]

I'll be jiggered!

That did she write, Jenny? Have one glasses from Mary?

I detonate, Mary. Muddy and ghastly. Here's what that devil

Mary of mine wrote, ire. Listen...[illegible] In a sweet epistle

[illegible] Jack and Cod bless you...B.M...[illegible] Can, start

[illegible]

Fine, Mary, simply fine.

Well, I just thought they'd write a little message like that

would only whoever here One awaits to know that the folks

BESS: What in the world are you laughing at, Jim Robbins?

JIM: Bess, don't you know? (CHUCKLES) This takes me way back. Back to the time when I was about your age, Jerry... Funny, it took Mary's little message to remind me, after all these years.

BESS: Jim Robbins, don't you dare!

JIM: Oh, why not, Bess? It's about time Jerry and Mary knew all about it.

JERRY: Seems like I hear the rattling of a skeleton in the family closet.

MARY: Oh, tell us, Mr. Robbins. Please!

JIM: What do you say, Bess?

BESS: What can I say? You'll tell them any way. (LAUGHS) All right, Jim.

JIM: Well, all this happened way back like I said. I had just gotten my first job with the Forest Service...Ranger Ellsworth hired me as a forest guard.

JERRY: Bert Ellsworth, our supervisor, Jim?

JIM: Yeah, the same Bert. We've worked together through the years, Jerry. He was Ranger on the Moccasin District then and he took me on during the winter. Our first job was to be a timber survey in the Blue Devils country. Bert was going to make a sale of the area in the spring and this was a big project. Well, after a lot of delays, weather, and one thing and another we finally reached Blue Devils and pitched a little tent where we planned to camp for a month or so. We spent the first day on the job getting all settled and shipshape and the morning of the second day when we were gettin' ready to start out (FADE FOR FLASHBACK) on our field work...

PAUSE

BERT: (FADE IN) Jim, this is the first time we ever worked together, but I reckon I've known you long enough so I can speak my mind... H-m-m, nice pair of boots you've got. Brand new ain't they?

JIM: Go ahead and speak your piece. The boots ain't got anything to do with it.

BERT: Well, this is it! I never figured you for the sour old codger you've turned out to be so far on this trip, Jim. Man, what in the world's got into you? I figured you were one fellow I'd really enjoy being out here with on this job...And what's happened? First, you hold us up for a full two days on personal business. I think that's what you said it was.

JIM: It was personal business. Mighty personal.

BERT: O.K., O.K.,Then, when we finally get away from Elk City you don't say two words and when I talk to you you just grunt. That's the way it was all day yesterday and I don't mind tellin' you I don't look forward to being with you a whole month if that's the way it's goin' to be all the time out here.

JIM: Well, you can fire me, can't you? I don't see what my personal affairs has got to do with my work.

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BERT: You're wrong there, Jim. You haven't been with the Forest Servi
long enough to know that it's interested in the welfare of its
men and at the same time it expects its men to be with it, heart
and soul, on the job. I don't mean we aim to pry into your
private life but we are concerned when a man lets something get
him down so bad it affects his work. If I didn't think you had
plenty good stuff in you I wouldn't be shooting my mouth off thi
way. I just don't like to see you let yourself down this way
right off the bat, Jim. You ought to make a good forester.

JIM: I reckon I have acted kinda sour, Bert, and I 'preciate your tal
and I'm sorry, but I'm up against somehting I got to lick myself.
Maybe, if you'll just bear with me, I'll snap out of it after
while.

BERT: Maybe I know more than you think, Jim. And folks in Elk City kno
more than you think, too. You're in love, Jim, bad in love.
You're in love with Tom Richards' daughter. Yeah, the daughter of
Tom Richards down in Elk City.

JIM: How do you know that? I don't go round advertisin' my courtin'.

BERT: Everybody knows it, that knows you, Jim. It's been written all
over you for a long time. And the girl's in love with you, too.
That oughta make you feel better.

JIM: Just the same she turned me down when I asked her to marry me.

BERT: Look, you're not goin' to like this but I'm goin' to tell you anyway. Just 'cause you've been a rough and hearty fellow all your life, is no reason for you to think you can go about getting a wife like you go about roping a stray heifer. And that's about the way you've done your courtin', isn't it? I know doggoned well you're gentle as a lamb inside and I'll bet Richards' girl knows that too. All she wanted you to do was show her.

JIM: I...I reckon maybe you're right, Bert. And I guess I knew it all along. That's what musta prompted me to send her that wagon load of flowers day before we left Elk City.

BERT: You what!?!

JIM: Yeah, I loaded a buckboard full of flowers and got Sill Butler to take 'em to her, day 'fore we left.

BERT: That was swell, Jim!

JIM: YEah? Then how come she didn't acknowledge gettin' them? I expected her to send some word, say thanks or something, but nothin' doin'. All I got from out her way yesterday was these boots I ordered from her Dad's store.

BERT: Oh, I wouldn't worry none about that. She's probably savin' her thanks 'till you get back to Elk City next month and she can give 'em personally.

JIM: Well, mebbe so...Well, I've got my new boots on. Let's go to work.

BERT: All right...You feel any better, Jim?

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JIM: Some, Bert, thanks to you...(FOOTSTEPS) Guess I'll pick up the stuff outside.

BERT: That's a nice-looking pair of boots, Jim. How do they feel?

JIM: Can't tell yet. Got to wear 'em a bit....M-m-m. Feels like somethin's wrong with this right one. Somethin' stickin' up in the sole of it...Doggone it, Bert, I got to take it off and see what's the matter.

BERT: Go ahead. We got time.

JIM: (SWISH OF LEATHER THONGS) Won't take but a minute to get these laces out...There...Now let's see what's....

BERT: What's wrong, Jim? A nail sticking up through?

JIM: Nope, it's something under the inner sole. Makes a lump...Well, I got to pull the inner sole out I reckon. Wait'll I get on old man Richards about this.

BERT: Better go easy on how you talk to Richards, Jim. You might be sassing your future daddy-in-law.

JIM: Well, I'll be jiggered. Look here. It's a wad of paper stuck under the inner sole. Of all the careless work I ever saw...

BERT: Don't throw that away, Jim. Looks like there's writin' on it.

JIM: Here, gimme that...(PAPER CRACKLES) Well...well..(CHUCKLES) Imagine that! Imagine that!...I got to get this boot back on in a hurry, Bert...There!

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BERT: Hey, where you goin'?

JIM: Reckon you'll have to start this job without me, Bert. But I'll be back. Yes sir! (GOING OFF) I'll be back in three or four days.

BERT: Hey, what's the idea? What'd the gal write?

JIM: Wanta see it? Here...

BERT: H-m-m It says (READING) Jim, you crazy goose, Of course I'll marry you. Any time! Love, (FADE) Bess Richards.

FADE IN ALL LAUGHING

MARY: So that's the way it happened? And you've been together ever since!

BESS: (LAUGHING) Yes, Mary. And was I surprised when Jim came rushing in late that very night. He woke the whole household up.

JIM: I wasn't aimin' to waste any more time courting you, Bess.

MARY: I think it was all gloriously romantic. What are you so tickled about, Jerry?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I always understood the best way to a man's heart was through his stomach. (LAUGHS) This is the first time I've ever heard of approaching a man's heart through his feet.

ALL LAUGH - OUT

MUSICAL FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you each Friday during the National Farm and Home Hour as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

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